

TARBIYAT
SERIES PART - 4

Stories for Living, Loving, & Learning

STORY

TIME



Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

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▶ **TARBIYAT**
SERIES 4



Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Preface

The gardener said, “Children are like flowers.” The writer said, “Children are like books.” The physician said, “Children are like medicines.” The painter said, “Children are like paintings.”

We say, “Children are like mortar... mould them in anyv shape you please, and solidify them with honesty to make them so strong and robust that no power in the world can ever break them.

All these similes solicit that we think for the right upbringing of our children—the ones who have been entrusted to us by the future. Tomorrow, they will be the builders of our nation, and will sway its leadership. If they are not trained along the right lines or not developed in the right direction or not cared for the chastity of thoughts, the whole Ummah will be a victim of disintegration and disaster in the near future.

Therefore, children should be brought up properly. They should be adorned with chaste thoughts and character. They should be guided about their aims in life from the very beginning. However, these ideas should be imbibed without any compulsion so that they make these virtues part of their personalities and feel interest in them.

This series of books, which is called “Tarbiyat Series”, is designed to achieve this honorable goal. In this book the standards of ethics are measured in parables. The chastity of character is idealized in narratives and the conclusions are drawn in “morals”. The books in this series also have jokes, puzzles and

poems for the interest of children.

In short, this book is one of the best gifts for children which not only has material of their interest but also about your desires and plans that you want to see blooming in your offspring. Further more you will (Insha Allah) find some stuff on those vices from which you want to save your children.

Al-Hamdulillah, today this book is in your hands. We must acknowledge the efforts of Brother Waseem Raja, Brother Nasir and respected Maulana Saad Sahib who extended their immeasurable cooperation in the compilation of this book.

We are also thankful to respected sister R. Eesa (of South Africa) for her kind co-operation by preparing a few Hadith stories and doing rectification. Also thankful to respected sister A. Abdur Raqeeb who spent her precious time translating a few stories into English and rectifying the book. May Allah Ta'ala reward them abundantly.

This book is a result of heartily desires of a lot of Mashaikh, Ulama-e-Kiram, and the efforts of friends and teachers of Bait-ul-Ilm Trust.

We pray to Allah Ta'ala to make this book instrumental to the right upbringing of our children and make it popular with the same sentiment and spirit with which it is compiled and produced. May this book become an asset for our Aakhirah.

Dear Story Timers!

Assalamu Alaikum Warahmatullahi Wabarakatuh

Have you ever told a lie..? No..? Are you sure..? There are many ways of lying and most of the time, we don't even realise that we are lying. Many times we lie by making up stories just for fun or by exaggerating the facts of a story or even by just keeping silent and letting someone believe something that is not true.

Many times we repeat things said to us and give the impression that they are true, even though we don't have proof of their truth. This is also a form of lying especially if we are not sure if it is true or not. If we surely believe something to be true and later discover that it is not, then this is a mistake on our part. And mistakes can easily be forgiven, as nobody's perfect. But to continuously commit the same mistake and still call it a mistake also makes it a form of lying and we should be wary of this as this is one of the most common forms of lying.

And then there are those lies that we tell deliberately—to make people believe something that is not true. Ever noticed that once we tell a lie, we have to keep lying to cover up for that first lie? Well, that is the meaning of the saying, "One lie always leads to more lies." And it's true. Whenever we lie, we will find that we have to tell more lies to make people believe us. But no matter how good we become at lying, we cannot deceive people forever. Sooner or later, people realise that they are being lied to. And no one likes liars. When people realise that we are lying to them, they lose respect for us and stop paying attention to whatever we say. And that is fine for when we are lying to them. But what about when we are telling the truth and trying to give them an important message or trying to warn them of some danger. What about when we desperately need them to believe us and they don't. What then?? Then only will we learn a lesson. Then only will we learn that to earn the respect and honour of those around us, we must always be truthful to them. No matter what. Why??

Because our beloved Nabi ﷺ has said, "Truthfulness leads to Al-bir (righteousness), and Al-Birr leads to Paradise, And a man keeps on telling the truth until he becomes a Siddiq (truthful person). False hood leads to Al-Fujar (wickedness, evil-doing), and Al-Fujar leads to the (Hell) fire, and a man may keep on telling lies till he is written before Allah, a liar." [Bukhari Shareef]

And we all want to go to Jannah (Paradise), don't we...?

Wassalam

Nabeel Ahmad

Why Can't Everyday be Sunday..?

It was late on a Sunday afternoon. Ayesha, Kabshah, Hamnah, Arwa and Ammarah had met in the park for a picnic. They had had a very enjoyable afternoon playing football and catching butterflies. Like every Sunday, the whole day was spent on fun and games. But now the sun was about to set and the day was almost over. The joy and happiness of the day was now slowly turning to disappointment as the girls began to feel sad at the thought of going back to school the next day. They didn't want Sunday to end. It seemed as if even the birds were sad as they flew back to their nests.

“What a wonderful day Sunday is,” thought Kabshah, as she brushed away the dust from her shirt. “On Saturday evening, I am so relieved that after Fajr the next morning, I would be able to go back into my warm, snugly bed instead of going to school and having to worry about the Master Sahib (teacher) or the tension of learning my time tables. I hate time tables.”

Hamnah's mouth began to water as she thought of the delicious meals her Ammi always prepared on Sundays.

“Ammi cooks all our favourite foods for lunch and

always cooks Abbu's favourite, *Aaloo pakoray*, for supper. I just love having supper with Abbu on Sundays," thought Hamnah.

"On all the other days of the week, he comes home so late that I'm already asleep."

It was getting darker and the girls sat beside the lake, talking, not wanting to go home, as if the day wouldn't end as long as they stayed in the park.

"I wish that every day was Sunday, so that we could have picnics and delicious food and fun and games," said Kabshah, as she played with a blade of grass.

"We wish it too," said the other girls.

Suddenly, a shiny, red fish poked its head above the water and asked loudly,

"Do you really want your wish to come true?"

The girls turned around in fear and looked at the fish. They couldn't believe what they were hearing and seeing.

"Did anybody hear what I've just heard?" asked Arwa to the girls.

All the girls were too shocked and afraid to speak

and just nodded their heads in agreement as they all stared at the fish.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the fish. “I am a friend to all children and I’ve been sent to make your wishes come true.”

“Look,” said Ammarah, bravely. “We are not wrong to wish for this. It is not fair. Many countries in the world have a two day holiday while we only get one day off in a whole week!”

“But,” said the fish. “Do any of you know that the other countries get a two day holiday because they work day and night for the other five days of the week? Our country is going through a difficult time right now. If we work constantly, with no leave, in our farms, factories and offices, then maybe soon, we will also be able to have a two day holiday. Progress only comes through hard work. Also, we should not disturb the system that Allah Ta’ala has devised and which is best for us. Anyway, my job is to fulfill your wish and besides, Allah Ta’ala always accepts the duas of the young, so...from tomorrow onwards, it will always be Sunday.”

And with those words, the fish slid back into the water and disappeared.

The girls did not really believe in the fish’s words

but they hoped that they would come true. And although they knew that they were expecting the impossible, they couldn't sleep a wink that night.

The next morning, when Kabshah opened her eyes, she was surprised to see her room bathed in the morning sunlight. The clock on her room wall said that it was seven o'clock. Kabshah waited in bed, for her mother to come wake her for school but ten minutes had passed and there was no sign of her Ammi.

Kabshah kept looking at the clock, watching the seconds tick by. She eventually jumped out of bed and ran out of her room. Her Abbu was relaxing on the couch, reading the paper.

"Abbu," asked Kabshah. "Aren't you going into the office today?"

"Beta (daughter)," said Abbu with a smile. "It's Sunday today. Don't you remember?"

Kabshah suddenly remembered the fish's promise and smiled. She felt very happy.

All the other girls were just as happy as Kabshah was when they woke up and realised that it was Sunday again. But their happiness didn't last very long. Every day after that, the sun rose and set again but the calender

never changed. The girls began to get bored with having everyday as Sunday. Hamnah had to buy a new bicycle but since all the markets were closed on Sundays, she could not get it. And since her Abbu stayed at home, all day, everyday, Hamnah and her friends could not get a chance to make fake medicines with red and blue ink for the hospital games that they loved playing.

The picnics and all the other games that the girls used to enjoy playing were not that much fun anymore and had become boring. And because all the schools, markets, shops and factories were closed, the people became weak and lazy because they were not doing any work. And soon, the park became crowded and noisy as more and more people visited it out of boredom.

The girls had also begun to miss school. They longed for the daily recitation of the Quran and the funny jokes that their math teacher always told them. Once again, they sat in the park beside the lake, this time complaining that they were tired of Sundays.

“Now Baji (elder sister) cooks the same foods everyday,” said Hamnah softly. “I wish that Sunday would end and that we could carry on with our lives.”

As they sat there complaining, the fish poked his head out of the water and listened to them. He smiled to himself and when Ammarah spotted him, she quickly

said.

“Dear fish. Please help us. We are so sorry for being so ungrateful and for making such a foolish wish.”

“We miss our school and our lively city. Now everyone sits around in the park all day, doing nothing,” said Hamnah.

“We just want our old lives back,” said Kabshah. “We have made a terrible mistake. Can you help us?”

The fish listened patiently and when all the girls had finished talking, he said,

“My dear children. You liked Sundays before because they came after a whole week of work and you looked forward to one day of rest. However, when everyday was Sunday, you got bored and restless. So you see, a day of rest can only be enjoyed and appreciated after many days of work. And since you’ve all learnt a valuable lesson, from tomorrow onwards the calender will continue as normal and when you wake up tomorrow morning, it will be Monday, *Insha’Allah*.”

The girls all went home and couldn’t wait for the sun to set. And that night, they hardly slept again, waiting impatiently for the night to be over and Monday to come. By the time the sun rose the next morning, the girls were fast asleep because they had hardly slept the night before. And although they could barely open their eyes, the sound

of the factory siren early in the morning made them all jump up from bed in delight. And each girl went down on her knees and made the same dua,

“ *أَلْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ* Alhamdulillah...! Thank you, Allah for making everything back to normal again.”

And the sound of their mothers calling them to get ready for school, never sounded more beautiful as it did on that bright, Monday morning. For the first time in a long time, the girls were ready early and waited outside impatiently for the school bus to pick them up. And when they all met on the bus, they sat down at the back and whispered happily to each other as they admired the beautiful sight of the busy street as all the markets and shops opened for business once again. And as they drove pass the lake in the park, they looked at each other and smiled, each girl wondering the same thing in their minds...! ‘I wonder whose wish our friend, the fish is fulfilling right now’.

the end

Kashif's Sacrifice

Kashif's eyes shot open at the sound of the Fajr azaan. He jumped out of bed, ran to his cupboard, opened it and took out a bright red and blue money box. He opened the rubber circle at the bottom, took out a whole lot of coins and counted them.

“Finally- the exact amount,” Kashif said to himself, smiling widely. “And now I can buy that train set.”

Kashif stared at the coins but his mind was elsewhere. He was thinking about the amazing train set he had wanted to buy. His friend Khalid had one and it was awesome. It had a long, curving track, a bridge, little plastic houses, buildings and trees and a bright black and silver train with three coaches. Kashif would spend hours at Khalid's house playing with it and couldn't wait to tell Abbu (Father) all about it.

That evening, when Abbu returned from the market, Kashif told him all about the train set. Abbu listened to Kashif patiently and a bit sadly too, because he knew what Kashif was going to ask him. And so when Kashif finally asked if he would buy him the train set, he explained to Kashif that he couldn't afford to buy the set that month because business at the market was not very good and he had to use whatever little money he had on important

things , like paying Kashif's school fees. Kashif felt very sad and his eyes filled with tears. He really wanted the train set and he hadn't expect Abbu to say no. But he understood. He knew that they did not have as much money as Khalid's parent's did and that his parents worked very hard and sacrificed a lot to send him to a good school.

But although he understood, he still thought about the train set. And every afternoon, after school, Kashif would walk pass the toy store on his way home and watch the train go round and round on it's track in the shop window. He wished he could have the train set and one night, after supper, he told his Daadi Amma (grandmother) all about the train set and how exciting it was. Daadi Amma felt sorry for Kashif because she could see how much having the train set meant to him. He was only ten years old and he was a good boy. He prayed regularly and never did wrong things. Kashif was Daddi Amma's eldest grandson and she loved him very much. She loved his brother Asif too but Kashif was her favourite. He loved listening to her stories and always asked her for advice. She knew that he loved her greatly because he always respected and obeyed her. And then she had an idea.

“Why don't you try saving up the money?” she asked him.

“From where will I get the money, Daadi Amma?”
Kashif asked her.

“You can try doing a few odd jobs for my friends. A few of them live all alone and need someone to help around now and then. I can speak to them if you like.”
Kashif jumped up and threw his arms around Daadi Amma. “You’re the best, Daadi Amma. جَزَاكَ اللهُ خَيْرًا *JazakAllahu Khairan*. You always have the best ideas!”

And that is how Kashif’s money box got filled. Everyday, after school, he’d put in the few coins that he had earned. And after two months of saving, he finally had enough to buy the train set. And Abbu had promised to take him into town that morning. Ammi’s calls for him to offer his Fajr Salah forced him out of his thoughts. Kashif quickly put all the coins back into the money box and ran to offer his Salah.

“Where’s Abbu?” he asked Ammi.

“Abbu is quite sick today,” said Ammi. “He has already offer his Salah and gone back to bed. He could barely stand.”

“But he was going to take me to buy my train set today. I have all the money ready.”

“I know,” said Ammi, “but I don’t think Abbu will

be able to take you anywhere today. I'm sorry. I'm sure he'll take you next Saturday. You've waited so long that I'm sure one more week won't matter."

Ammi patted Kashif's head. She could see how disappointed he was but there was nothing she could do.

Kashif went to his room, took out his money box and counted his money again.

"Only one more week and I'll have the train set," he said to himself.

On Monday morning, Kashif went to school. The first lesson was Islamic studies, which was his favourite. His teacher was very kind and taught them many good things. That day's lesson was on Baqr-a-Eid. Kashif asked his teacher, "Tell me, sir, why do we celebrate Baqr-a-Eid?"

His teacher replied, "Baqr-a-Eid is celebrated in remembrance of a great deed performed by the Prophet Hazrat Ebrahim عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام. He was commanded by Allah Ta'ala to sacrifice his son Ismaeel عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام. He readily accepted Allah Ta'ala's order and when he told Ismaeel عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام about the command, Ismaeel عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام, who was an obedient and God-fearing child, immediately told his father to obey Allah Ta'ala's order. Hazrat Ebrahim عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام took Ismaeel عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام to a piece of ground, laid him down and tried to

cut his throat with a sharp knife. But the knife was commanded by Allah Ta'ala not to cut. Hazrat Ebrahim عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام tried again and again but the knife would not cut. And then Allah Ta'ala sent down a ram [animal] to slaughter in his place and so Ismaeel عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام was saved. And so do we celebrate Baqr-a-Eid in remembrance of the great sacrifice made by Hazrat Ebrahim عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام. So great was the love of Hazrat Ebrahim عَلَيْهِ السَّلَام for Allah Ta'ala that he was prepared to sacrifice his beloved son. Tell me, children. Have you ever sacrificed anything in Allah Ta'ala's way?"

The teacher smiled as all the children tried to think of what they had sacrificed.

"It is never too late," he said. "If you haven't done anything up till now, you can still plan to give something for Allah Ta'ala's sake later. And if you spend your most beloved thing in Allah Ta'ala's cause, Allah Ta'ala will reward you with Jannah."

The bell rang and the teacher left the class, but Kashif sat in his seat, deep in thought. He thought about what he could sacrifice to please Allah Ta'ala. He had heard alot about Jannah from his Daadi. She had told him about the streams of milk and honey. About the beautiful gardens and palaces. And Daadi had said that the only people allowed into Jannah were the ones who

had done good deeds in this world.

All day long Kashif thought about what he could sacrifice. And when he got home, he searched through all his possessions to look for his most special one. He decided to ask Abbu or Ammi to give him something to give away but changed his mind when he realised that if they gave him something to give away, then they would get the reward and not him.

Suddenly, an idea struck him. He ran into his room, opened his cupboard and took out his money box. He then took it to Ammi, who was busy in the kitchen.

“Ammi jaan,” he called. “My teacher told us that if we sacrificed our dearest possession for the sake of Allah Ta’ala, then Allah Ta’ala will enter us into Jannah.”

“Sure, my child.” She answered. “Your teacher was correct. When we spend in Allah Ta’ala’s path, Allah Ta’ala becomes pleased with us and He will enter us into Jannah.”

Kashif said, “Well my dearest possession is this money box and I offer it to the cause of Allah Ta’ala so that He will love me.”

“But what about the train set?” she asked. “You’ve

saved for so long to buy it. Are you sure that you want to give it all away?"

"Yes, Ammi. I'm sure. It's my dearest possession. I want to get the best reward that I can and I can only get it by giving away what means most to me."

Ammi smiled. She hugged Kashif and promised to ask Abbu to give Kashif's money to the orphanage on the other side of town.

"You know, Kashif?" she said. "When you are in Jannah, you will have more train sets that you could ever play with"

Kashif felt very happy. He was happy that Allah Ta'ala had given him the chance to give his most dearest possession in His path and for letting him earn a place in Jannah.

the end

The Right of a Muslim

Ayesha kept looking at her watch to the school gate anxiously. There were only five minutes left for classes to begin and there was no sign of Mouminah. Ayesha angrily clasped her fist and prayed for Mouminah's early arrival. Five more minutes passed and still no Mouminah. The bell rang and Ayesha walked slowly to the assembly hall.

"O my God, " she kept thinking. "What will I do now?"

Ayesha's mind was buzzing with thoughts as she stood in assembly, her mind constantly replaying yesterday's events. She thought of Mouminah and her conversation with her the previous day.

It was during the lunch break that Mouminah came to her and said ,

"Ayesha, I need a favour."

"What sort of favour?" asked Ayesha, with a smile.

"Well," said Mouminah, "You know that last week we had to go to our village because of Dadajaan's death and I could not attend school. I've missed a lot of work and so I was hoping that you would lend me your math and science books to complete my work."

Ayesha did not know what to say. She did not really want to lend her books but she didn't know how to say no to Mouminah. She handed over her books a little hesitantly and reminded Mouminah to bring them back the following day. But now there was no sign of Mouminah. And Ayesha was angry. Very angry.

“Wait till she comes tomorrow,” thought Ayesha. “I'm really going to tell her off.”

The next morning, Mouminah came to school and approached Ayesha, “*Assalamu Alaikum*, Ayesha. Here are your books. I'm sorry but I couldn't return them to you because...”

“Because what?” screamed Ayesha, as she snatched the books out of Mouminah's hands and walked away. Her anger got stronger as she looked at the books that Mouminah had just given her. The cover was torn so badly that the binding had become loose. And a few pages had mud marks on them.

“Unbelievable,” thought Ayesha to herself. “I try to help her and this is how she repays me. By not taking proper care of my books. I will never lend her anything again.”

Mouminah was shocked at Ayesha's anger and tears welled up in her eyes as she watched Ayesha walk away.

She followed Ayesha and tried to explain.

“Please, Ayesha,” she begged. “Please listen to me.”

“What?” asked Ayesha, coldly. “What is your excuse?”

“I’m so sorry that I did not return your books as I had promised. I gave them to my brother to return them to you. But while he was walking to your house, he met with an accident. He was badly hurt and also fractured his left arm. Ammi had not yet returned from the village so I had to stay at home. Because of all this, I didn’t get the time to rebind your books. Please forgive me.”

Ayesha looked at Mouminah coldly, and then, without saying a word, got up and walked away. She was still very upset and although she and Mouminah were very good friends, Ayesha didn’t say a word to her all day. However, she began talking to Mouminah the very next day.

Days passed and soon, the whole incident was forgotten. The seasons changed and the cold weather began to set in. The changing weather always affected Ayesha and this year was no different.

She developed a severe cough and was unable to attend school for two days. When she finally went to

school on the third day, her science teacher announced that the class would have to write a test two days later. Ayesha began to worry. She had missed two days of science lessons and had not had a chance to catch up with her work yet.

“What am I going to do?” asked Ayesha to herself. She was so lost in her worries that she didn’t see Mouminah walk up to her. Mouminah had noticed the worried look on her friend’s face and wanted to know what was wrong. When Ayesha explained her problem to her, Mouminah immediately took out her science book and handed it over to her.

“Don’t worry,” said Mouminah , gently. “Copy whatever you need from my book and give it back to me tomorrow. There’s still two days to go before the test. I’ll have plenty of time to study.”

Ayesha thanked her for her kindness and took the books. When she reached home she found her Aunt and her three, extremely naughty children, waiting for her. She left her bag in her room and went to talk to her Aunt, while her brothers and three cousins stormed the house. She was enjoying her conversation with her Aunt so much that if her Ammi hadn’t called her for lunch, she would have sat talking all day.

“I’m coming, Ammi.” she called. “Just as soon as

I change out of my uniform.”

Ayesha walked to her room and got a huge shock when she opened the door. The children were sitting on the floor, laughing and throwing paper aeroplanes at each other. Paper aeroplanes which they had made from the books in Ayesha’s bag.”

“Oh my God.” screamed Ayesha. “What are you all doing in my room? And where did you get those papers from?”

Ayesha couldn’t believe what she was seeing. Of all the books in her bag, they had torn pages out of Mouminah’s book.

“Mouminah’s book! What have you done? Get out of my room. Look at what you’ve done to this book. And it’s not even my book. It belongs to my friend. Oh, what am I going to do now?”

Ayesha sat down on her bed with her head in her hands and began crying. The children quietly slipped out of the room when they saw her crying.

“Ya Allah! What am I going to do now. What am I going to say to Mouminah?”

That night, Ayesha telephoned Mouminah.

“I have something very important to tell you,” she

said.

“I’m listening,” said Mouminah.

“It’s... about your book.” said Ayesha, slowly.

“Haven’t you finished your work? asked Mouminah.

“It’s okay. Bring it into school tomorrow and we’ll complete it together.”

“No,” said Ayesha, hesitantly. “It’s not that. It’s”

“What is it then?” asked Mouminah, beginning to get worried.

“Your book... my brothers...” Ayesha didn’t know what to say and began crying.

“Ayesha, what is it? Why are you crying? If you don’t understand the work, I’ll teach it to you tomorrow. It’s not such a big problem.”

Ayesha was at a loss for words.

“Don’t worry about it,” mumbled Ayesha. “I’ll tell you tomorrow.” And she hung up the phone.

Ayesha sat in her room, tears streaming down her cheeks.

‘What is Mouminah going to say when she sees her

book?' she asked herself.

'Oh, I know. She'll say... "How could you do this to my book, Ayesha? How could you let your brothers play with it? I want my book back in the same condition that I gave it to you." '

Ayesha cried even harder when she thought of what Mouminah would say. And finally, when her tears had finally dried up, she sat up in bed and made dua.

"Ya Allah, Please help me. How I am going to face Mouminah? You know that it wasn't my fault but Mouminah won't believe me. What am I going to do?"

Just then, the door flew wide open and Mouminah entered the room.

"Ayesha," she asked, "What is the matter? Why did you hang up the phone? And why are you crying?"

Ayesha took a deep breath and slowly told Mouminah the whole story. She closed her eyes as she waited for Mouminah to scream at her in anger. When she didn't hear anything, she opened her eyes. She was surprised to see Mouminah smiling.

"Why are you crying for such a small thing? I know that the pages are torn and the binding has been loosened but it's not serious. It can be repaired."

Ayesha nodded and asked meekly, "So you believe me then?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I? And besides, I've read in a book that:

'Every Muslim has a right over another Muslim and that his/her excuse should be accepted.'

And you are not only a Muslim but also my best friend." And she took Ayesha's hand in hers and smiled.

Ayesha's thoughts drifted back a few weeks earlier and she recalled her terrible treatment of Mouminah then. And she asked herself in her mind,

"Did I fulfill my friend's right then?"

What do you think...?

the end

The Three Question

A kaafir once challenged a scholar with three questions. He said that if the scholar succeeded in answering his questions he would accept Islam. He asked—

1. If everything is done according to the Will of Allah Ta'ala, then why will man be punished or rewarded, for his deeds on the Day of Judgement?
2. If Shaytaan is made of fire, then how will the fire of Hell burn him?
3. If you cannot see Allah Ta'ala, then how can you believe in Him?

The scholar picked up a pebble from the ground and hit the Kaafir lightly with it. The Kaafir was offended and went to the Qadi (Judge) and complained that the scholar had hit him. The Qadi called the scholar and asked him his reason for hitting the Kaafir. The scholar said that it was in reply to the Kaafir's first question.

“But I don't understand,” said the Kaafir, in confusion.

“Well,” said the scholar. “If everything is done by the Will of Allah Ta'ala, then why are you accusing me of throwing a pebble at you?”

“In answer to your second question ,” said the scholar. “Man is made of clay. So is the pebble. How do you explain getting hurt by a pebble that is made from the same substance as you? In the same way that the clay pebble hurt you, so too will the fire of Hell burn Shaytaan.”

“In answer to your third question. If you cannot see your pain, then how can you be convinced that it is really there?”

The scholar’s answers made perfect sense to the kaafir and he reverted to Islam.

the end

Reward for Sacrifice

Waqdi رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ , an eminent scholar, narrated that he was once so poor that he did not even have anything to eat. Soon it was to be the Day of Eid and his family had nothing to prepare for it. He knew that they, the elders, would somehow manage, through patience, but how would the children spend their Eid?

He said, "With a heavy heart, I went to a businessman and asked him for a loan. Without a second thought, he immediately handed me a bag containing 1200 dirhams. I took the money and went home. But when I got there, I found a Hashimi friend waiting for me. He was also facing poverty and needed some money.

And so I turned to my wife and said, "I'll split the money in the bag into half and so in this way, both of us will have some money."

My wife said, "That is not right. You went to an ordinary man and he gave you 1200 dirhams and yet you are giving your friend only half of what an ordinary man gave you. You should give him all the money."

And so I gave him the entire bag of money. But when he got home, he found the businessman, who had originally given me the money, waiting for him.

The businessman said to him, "Eid is near and I have nothing with which to prepare for it. Please lend me some money."

My Hasimi friend handed over to him the same bag of money that I had given him. When the businessman looked at the bag, he was surprised to see that it was his own bag. He left the bag of money with my Hashimi friend and came to me. I explained to him about how I gave the same money that he had given to me, to my Hasimi friend who was also poor and needed the money."

This unusual story of love and sacrifice reached the ears of the treasurer Yahya bin Khalid who came to me with 10,000 dirhams and said, "2000 dirhams is for you, 2000 for your Hashimi friend, 2000 for the businessman and 4000 dirhams is for your wife because she is the cleverest and most honourable of you all."

"And they give priorities over themselves to others despite their poverty" (Al-Quran)

the end

A Good Lesson

It was the day of Eid. Chunno was very happy. He had collected a lot of money that Eid and was now walking down the road, his pocket full of notes. Suddenly, he saw a whole crowd of children. They were all jumping up and down, trying to push their way through to the centre of the crowd. Chunno was curious and also tried to push himself through the crowd to see what the fuss was all about. It was a vendor and his cart was loaded with stacks of notes of money of which all the children were buying for five and ten Rupees. Chunno couldn't believe his luck. All of a sudden, the fifty three rupees that he had collected for Eid didn't seem so much anymore and Chunno wanted more. Especially now when it seemed so easy to get. Chunno's greed got the better of him and he took all his money out of his pocket and gave it to the vendor. He got a huge pile of money in return. Chunno was very happy and satisfied with the easy money he had just made and went home to ask Abbu if he'd give go with him to buy more money.

As soon as he reached home, he took all the notes out of his pocket excitedly. There were 1000, 500, 100, 10 and 5 Rupee notes. He counted all the notes and it came to a total of 2 207, 10. He went to Ammi and showed her the notes. Ammi was so shocked when she

saw the notes that she dropped the spoon that she had in her hand.

“Where did you get all that money?” she asked .

“You won’t believe it, Ammi.” answered Chunno. “I bought all this money with the fifty three Rupees that I had collected for Eid.”

Ammi was stunned. She grabbed Chunno by the collar and screamed at him, “Are you gone crazy? Or do you think I’m crazy enough to believe you?”

Chunno was surprised at Ammi’s response and began to get afraid.

“But Ammi,” he pleaded. “I’m not lying. It’s the truth. I **did** buy that money.”

Ammi didn’t know what to do. She had never seen so much money in all her life. And the only way that Chunno could have gotten that much money must be by stealing or gambling. Ammi was worried because there were lots of bad people around and they could have easily taken advantage of Chunno by making him do something illegal. So many worrying thoughts went through Ammi’s mind and she tried hard to stay calm. She let go of Chunno’s collar and said to him calmly, “Chunno. I find it very hard to believe that anyone would sell you so much of

money for only fifty three Rupees. I would really appreciate it if you would just tell me the truth.”

“But Ammi, I am telling you the truth. I bought these notes from a vendor on the street. And I wasn’t the only one. Lot’s of children bought some.” said Chunno, trying to smile.

Ammi could feel her anger rising. Why was Chunno being so stubborn? Why couldn’t he just tell her the truth? She grabbed Chunno by his collar again and said to him, “Chunno, nobody would be foolish enough to give you so much money in exchange for fifty three Rupees. Either you tell me the truth right now, or I give you a good spanking. You decide.”

Chunno was by now totally terrified. He tried desperately to convince his mother of the truth but she wouldn’t listen.

“You must have either found it on the street or stolen it. Tell me the truth,” she threatened him, “or I will have to tell your father and believe me, he will most definitely punish you.”

Chunno didn’t know what else to say. “Why won’t Ammi believe me?” he asked himself.

Chunno began to cry and Daadi Amman came out

of her room to find out what all the noise was about. When she saw Chunno crying, she walked towards him to comfort him but stopped when she saw the pile of notes on the floor. She couldn't believe what she was seeing and removed her eye glasses, wiped them and looked at the money again, to make sure that she was seeing right.

“Where did all that money come from?” she asked. “Could it be an Eid present that fell from the sky?”

“No, Amman,” said Ammi. “Chunno brought these into the house and he won't tell me the truth about where he got it from.”

“Chunno, my dear,” said Daadi Amman, “tell me, quickly. Who gave you all this money?”

But Chunno was so upset that he couldn't speak. He just kept crying, making even Daadi Amman angry with him. She picked up her stick to scare him when Bhaijan entered the room and asked in surprise,

“What's happening here?”

Ammi told him about the money and Bhaijan picked up a note and examined it closely. He smiled and read out aloud, “Bank of Pakistan. Abdul Shakoor and sons present children with a wonderful Eid gift. Oh,” said Bhaijan

loudly. "These are fake notes."

"Fake notes. *Alhamdulillah.*" cried Ammi with relief, as she looked at Chunno.

But Chunno kept on crying. He was glad that Ammi wasn't angry with him anymore but now he was angry at himself.

"How could I have been so stupid?" he asked himself. "All my money is gone."

"Chunno," said Bhaijan. "It's no use crying now. There's nothing you can do about it now. Greed is a very bad disease and always has bad results. And remember one thing. Making money is hard work. If ever you find it too easy, always question where it comes from. I hope that you've learnt a lesson from all this."

Chunno nodded. Yes. He did learn a lesson. A very good lesson, indeed...!

the end

Never Take a Fool's Advice

One day, a man climbed up a date palm tree and once he reached the very top, realised that he could not get down. He yelled and yelled for help and after a while, he was heard by the villagers, who gathered around him. The villagers all tried to think of ways to get the man down but to no avail. While the villagers discussed the situation amongst themselves, the village idiot, Mr Stupid, who happened to be passing by, stopped and offered his services. A few villagers, who knew Mr Stupid's foolish behaviour well, refused his help and they continued arguing. Mr Stupid then carried on on his way. When, after a while, no decision could be reached, someone suggested that they go and call Mr Stupid because he always had an answer to everything. Others refused and the arguing continued. In the meantime, the man up in the tree got tired and hungry and begged them to call Mr Stupid.

“I don't care if he is a fool. Please call him. One foolish suggestion will be better than no suggestion at all.”

The villagers eventually agreed and Mr Stupid was called. He threw a rope up to the stranded man and asked him to tie it around his waist. Then he asked everyone to move away from the tree. Much to everyone's surprise

and horror, Mr Stupid then pulled on the rope. The poor stranded man was pulled off the tree and fell to his death. The villagers, after realising that the poor man had died, became very angry and began cursing Mr Stupid. Mr Stupid tried to defend his actions.

He said, "I once rescued seventeen people from a well using this very same method. I don't understand how my method didn't work this time."

The villagers then realised that he was indeed a fool and they should not have asked him for his help.

"When you rescued the people from the well, you had to pull them **up**, which is why your plan worked. In this situation, you had to get the man **down** from the tree. Both the situations are totally different. How could you use the same method for both situations? Instead of rescuing this poor man, you have pulled him to his death."

Mr Stupid was severely reprimanded and asked to leave the village. The villagers deeply regretted consulting such a fool and the poor, stranded man paid for this mistake with his life. Everyone had learnt a very important lesson on that day.

NEVER CONSULT A FOOL, NO MATTER
HOW DESPERATE THE SITUATION.

Patience is a Virtue

One day, a highly educated and intelligent young man sat in his backyard with his father. Suddenly, a crow flew up and sat on the boundary wall. The man, who was quite old, turned to his son, pointed at the crow and asked,

“My child. What is that?”

His son answered, “Father, that is a crow.”

The two men sat in silence, watching the crow. After a few minutes the father turned to his son again, pointed to the crow and asked,

“My child. What is that?”

His son answered, “Father, that is a crow.”

Another few minutes passed in silence. And then the father asked again,

“Dear son, what is that?”

His son was beginning to get a bit irritated but he said nothing. He just pursed his lips and answered, “Father, that is a crow.”

After another few minutes, the father turned to his son and asked the same question again. The son was by now, quite irritated but answered nevertheless, trying very hard to control his temper. The father asked the same question a few more times and the son answered every time, losing a little more patience after every answer. Finally, when the son could control his anger no longer, he turned to his father and screamed,

“Why do you keep asking me the same question over and over again? Can’t you understand my answers?”

The father could see how angry he had made his son. He stood up slowly, walked into the house and returned with an old, torn diary. He opened to one of the pages and asked his son to read what was written on it.

The son read, “Today, my youngest son was sitting with me in the backyard when a crow flew up and sat on the window ledge. My son asked me what it was and I lovingly answered. I was so proud of him. He is so young and yet, he has such an enquiring mind. But, like all children his age, he kept asking me over and over what the crow was. And although, after he had asked me the same question about twenty times, I began to get a little impatient, I didn’t let it show because I loved him so much and didn’t want to hurt or discourage him.”

The son felt so ashamed that he kept staring at

the diary and was afraid to look his father in the eye. The old man took the diary out of his son's hands and said,

“My dear son. Now you can see the difference between a parent and child. But alas, it is a difference you will only realise when, *Insha'Allah*, you have a child of your own. I can understand your impatience. I felt it too. But if I could hide my impatience out of my love for you, could you not control your impatience out of love and respect for me?”

My dear children. As we get older, we tend to forget the patience and love shown to us by our parents and the difficulties that they have had to face while bringing us up. So, as of now, let us try and take note of all the times that our parents are patient with us so that we will remember and appreciate their acts of devotion as we get older. And let us promise ourselves that we will always try and talk to our parents with love and politeness and never raise our voices at them because Allah Ta'ala says in the Quran,

“BE THANKFUL TO ME AND TO YOUR PARENTS.”

the end

Allah Only Helps Those Who Help Themselves

Suhail had just passed his matriculation exam with very good grades. He wanted to go to university but unfortunately, his parents did not have enough money to pay for his tuition. So they suggested he open up a business so that he would be able to earn enough money to support the family. Poor boy! So intelligent and yet he was forced to waste his intelligence and run a shop. But, although Suhail followed his parent's wishes and ran the business, he never gave up on his dream of getting a university education. He secretly bought the books he needed and began his studies in secret. He spent every free moment in the shop poring over his books and preparing for his exams. He also asked a local professor to help him with his studies and practicals. The professor was a kind man who understood Suhail's situation and tutored him as often as he needed.

Twice a week, Suhail had to go to the wholesale-market to pick up goods for the shop. He used these trips to the market as an opportunity to attend his practicals. He would go to the market and give in his order to a pious merchant to whom he had explained his problem. The kind, helpful merchant would take out Suhail's order and keep it ready for him so that when he returned from

his practicals, he would be able to pay for and pick up his order without delay so that he could get back to the shop quickly, and his father would not suspect anything.

Finally, the day of his exam arrived and Suhail wrote it in secret and much to everyone's surprise, he came second in the Lahore F.Sc. board. When his name was published in the local newspaper, his neighbours visited his parents to congratulate them. His father explained that there had to be a mistake. Suhail did not study nor took any exams but rather, ran a shop. His neighbours explained that Suhail was a very hard working boy and that he did in fact study and take the exams.

News of Suhail's success and perseverance soon spread all over town and it wasn't long before he was approached by a few affluent people in the community who arranged a scholarship for him. Suhail was very thankful for this because it meant that he could continue studying while not having to worry about supporting his parents at the same time.

Suhail was soon admitted into an engineering university where he studied civil engineering. Today he is an accomplished engineer who lives in a big, beautiful house with his proud parents.

The story of Suhail is a lesson to us all. If we want to succeed in anything, we have to work hard and not

give up, no matter how difficult the circumstances are.
And we must remember... Allah only helps those who
help themselves.

the end

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How will I Answer Allah?

Hadhrat Umar Farooq رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ was the second Khalifa of Islam. He was a very brave man and had conquered half of the world. Even the mighty empires of Rome and Persia were afraid of him. But despite all of his successes, Hadhrat Umar رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ remained a very simple man and his son, Abdullah bin Umar, emulated all his father's رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ deeds.

One day, Abdulla رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ was going on a journey when he began to feel hungry. In those days, there were no hotels and inns where one could rest or buy something to eat. Abdullah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ continued walking till he saw a herd of sheep grazing in a field. He went to the sheperd, told him that he was very hungry and asked if he would sell him some milk to satisfy his hunger.

The sheperd replied, "These sheep do not belong to me. And their owner has not given me permission to sell their milk. How can I sell you some milk without it's owner's permission?"

Abdulla رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ had learnt a lot from his father ,who was a great ruler as well as his teacher and mentor. And so, in his wisdom, he decided to test the sheperd.

"Do you want to know something that will profit

you?” Abdullah asked the sheperd.

“What is it?” asked the sheperd.

“Sell just one sheep to me.” said Abdullah رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ
“And if I have to, I’ll even slaughter it and eat it’s meat. You can keep the money that I give you for yourself. And when the owner asks about what happened to his sheep, just tell him that a wolf ate it. He will not punish you then. So in this way, both of us will benefit. I’ll have the milk to drink and you’ll have the money. What do you say?”

The sheperd screamed.

“*Ya haza afa ainallah...?* If I do what you are asking me to, then what about Allah? How will I answer him?”

Abdullah رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ was very happy. He had merely wanted to test the taqwa of the sheperd and the sheperd had passed the test. He said to the sheperd, “As long as there is at least one person like you alive, this ummah will be blessed with goodness and success.”

أَلْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ Alhamdulillah..! What awareness of Allah and the Aakhira this humble sheperd had, that even though he was in the middle of nowhere, he knew that Allah was watching him and that he would face HIM on the Day of Aakhira. He knew that although this

wrongfully acquired money would benefit him in this world, it would have caused him to lose Jannah in the Aakhirah.

And we can all have the same taqwa if we read this dua daily...

"Allahummaj'alni akhshaaka ka anni araaka

Oh Allah, help me fear YOU [in awe] as if I can see YOU"

the end

We will always get What

We Deserve

A long time ago, there lived in the city of Iraq, a very cunning and dishonest farmer, named Yaqoob. He would always buy goods from one city and sell it in another, for a huge profit. One day, he bought cloth in bulk and sold it for a hundred pieces of gold to a simpleton from a nearby city. Some of the cloth was of a bad quality but Yaqoob had still managed to deceive his customer and made a big profit.

Yaqoob was very proud of this big achievement and kept the coins in a red, silk bag. He tied the mouth of the bag with a gold thread and placed it in his pocket. On his way home, he stopped at an inn and while at the inn, he realised that his coins were missing. He was very puzzled and retraced his steps back to the city. But he could not find his bag. Finally, he went to the police station and reported the missing bag.

He told the policeman,

“Sir, I have to find this bag. If I don’t, I will go bankrupt.”

“Don’t worry,” said the policeman. “I will announce

your missing bag throughout the city and offer a reward to whoever brings it in.”

Yaqoob thought of a plan and after a few minutes, he said to the policemen, “There are 110 gold coins in the bag. Announce that the person who brings in the bag will receive as a reward, ten coins from the bag.”

Yaqoob left the police station very proud of himself. He had devised a most interesting plan. His bag did not contain 110 coins but rather, only 100. But the policeman, who did not know this, went ahead and announced in all the markets that a businessman had lost a red bag containing 110 gold coins and the person who returned this bag would get ten coins as a reward.

Yaqoob did not expect to get his money back. It is a well known fact that we always believe others to be just like us by nature, and since Yaqoob was a liar and a cheat, he believed that the people in the city were just like him and so, would not return the money. But he was wrong. The people in this city were honest, law-abiding citizens and so the next day, an old farmer turned up at the police station with the missing bag. The policeman called up Yaqoob and returned his bag to him. Yaqoob was ecstatic and thanked the farmer. And when the farmer asked for his reward, Yaqoob first opened the bag, took out the coins and began counting them, even though he

knew how many coins would be in the bag.

Yaqoob finished counting the coins and jumped up from his seat. He pointed an accusing finger at the farmer and screamed, "You old thief! There were supposed to be 110 coins in this bag but there are only 100. You stole ten coins from this bag and you still have the nerve to demand a reward?"

The farmer was shocked. He tried to explain that he did not take anything out of the bag but Yaqoob would not listen. He kept screaming at the farmer, calling him a liar and a thief. The farmer began to get angry and the two men began to fight.

The policeman separated the two men and asked the farmer to leave. But the farmer was an honest person who did not like to be accused of something that he did not do. And so he went to the Qadi and reported the matter to him. The Qadi summoned Yaqoob and the policeman to the court and when everyone was present, the farmer said,

"My Lord. Yesterday, when I was going back home from my farm, I saw a dog coming towards me with a red bag in it's mouth. I had heard the announcement about the missing coins and so I thought that it might be the same bag. As I approached the dog, the bag fell from it's mouth. I inspected the bag and I realised that

it must be the businessman's lost bag. I immediately brought the bag to the police station. I swear that I did not even open the bag."

When the farmer had finished talking, Yaqoob stood up to present his case. He said,

"Sir. This farmer is a scoundrel. When I lost my bag, I immediately went to the police station and reported it. I even told the policeman how many coins I would give as a reward. When this man came with my bag, I counted the number of coins in front of both him and the policeman. Ten coins were missing. This is proof that the farmer had taken out the ten coins before bringing it into the police station. Now tell me. Why should I give him ten coins as a reward when he has already stolen ten coins from me? I suggest you sentence him for robbery and for lying."

The Qadi turned to the policeman and asked him if Yaqoob was speaking the truth.

"Yes sir," he replied. "I agree with Yaqoob."

The Qadi then asked him to bring the bag forward. He inspected it for a few minutes, then emptied all the coins onto the table and counted them. Finally, he put them back into the bag, tied the mouth of the bag, returned it to Yaqoob and said,

“The court orders Yaqoob to inspect the bag once more and then promise us that if we prove that this bag of coins is not his, then he will lay no claim to it.”

Yaqoob was surprised and just nodded in agreement. The Qadi then called his clerk and whispered something to him. The man went out and returned after a little while with ten gold coins identical to the ones in Yaqoob’s bag. Everyone, especially Yaqoob, were very uneasy as they waited for the Qadi to speak up.

The Qadi turned to the people and said, “Everyone look carefully. You will see that this bag contains 100 gold coins.”

He then opened up the bag and tried to put in the ten coins that his clerk had brought. A hush of surprise filled the courtroom when the people realised that only four of the ten coins could fit into the bag.

The Qadi then addressed Yaqoob and the people in the courtroom.

“As you can all see, only 104 coins in total can fit into this bag. So I believe that it is quite clear that this bag cannot belong to Yaqoob since Yaqoob claims that his bag contained 110 coins. So, I rule that this bag found by the farmer could not possibly belong to Yaqoob and so it should be given to the farmer as he was the one

who found it and was honest enough to return it.”

Yaqoob was so shocked that he fainted. He couldn't believe the Qadi's judgement. His greed and selfishness had always gotten him what he wanted before. And when he recovered, he was very angry because he felt that he had been cheated of what was rightfully his. What he didn't realise was that he got exactly what he deserved.

the end

Respect Has to be Earned

Ashraf, was a very naughty boy who loved annoying others. He would often ring his neighbours' doorbells and then run away before they answered. He loved frightening little children with little rubber snakes and lizards. He would even torment the poor cat by pulling it backwards by its tail.

One day, Farid, a boy in Ashraf's class scolded him for his bad behaviour. Ashraf did not like being scolded and made plans to take revenge on Farid. During the lunch break, Ashraf went up to Farid and apologised to him. He hugged him and said, "Bhaijan, (brother) I am so sorry for my behaviour. You are much older than me and should be respected. Please forget my past behaviour and forgive me."

Farid was astonished at Ashraf's change in attitude. Ashraf had never apologised to anyone before in his entire life. However, some boys were not so easily fooled. They knew Ashraf very well and suspected that he was up to something. And they were right. When Farid turned around, they saw a piece of paper stuck to his back with the word 'camel' written on it. Farid did not know this and everywhere he went, he saw boys pointing and laughing at him. He heard a few call him 'camel' but he didn't

know why. He wondered to himself, "What's the matter? Why is everyone laughing at me and calling me 'camel'?"

Farid began to get upset because he didn't know why everyone was teasing him. And finally, when he walked up to his friends, they noticed the piece of paper on his back and they pulled it off. Farid became very angry. He was made a fool of and he knew who the culprit was.

"It is definitely Ashraf," he told his friends. "He must have stuck it on my back when he hugged me. I am going to complain to the teacher about him."

Sir Khalid was a new teacher and was not aware of Ashraf's bad behaviour. When the complaint reached him, he called Ashraf and questioned him. Ashraf put on an innocent face and denied having ever calling Farid a 'camel'. Sir Khalid warned him not to annoy anyone else again. Ashraf nodded his head and went back to his seat.

The next day, Ashraf put a toad inside Farid's desk. When Farid opened his desk to take out his books, he cried out loudly and jumped up from his seat. He was so surprised that he screamed out loud. Half of the class laughed while the rest looked at Ashraf who acted as though he knew nothing. Farid again complained to Sir Khalid. And when Ashraf was questioned once again, he pretended to know nothing about the matter and blamed

Farid for being against him and trying to implicate him in matters he knew nothing about. Sir Khalid, being a new teacher and not knowing the boys' characters very well, didn't know who to believe and let the matter go, with just a warning to both the boys.

But Sir Khalid was soon to learn exactly who was the naughtier boy was. Ashraf had a bad habit of teasing the other boys and calling them names. He would also pass stupid comments while Sir Khalid was teaching. He also loved making up stories and once, when Sir Khalid asked why Waqar was absent from school, Ashraf answered that he had diarrhoea from overeating at a party. When Waqar returned, he informed the teacher that he was absent as he had to accompany his father to the dentist. If any pupil was having difficulty learning something and Sir Khalid had to spend a little extra time explaining the subject to the boy, Ashraf would loudly call the boy an idiot and a moron. This would anger Sir Khalid and embarrass the boy. Sir Khalid began to notice Ashraf's bad behaviour and saw that Farid was always silent in class, minding his own business. Sir Khalid decided that the only way to stop Ashraf's behaviour was to teach him a lesson.

And so, one day, while Asraf was busy mocking a boy in class, Sir Khalid said out aloud, so that everyone could hear,

“Ashraf. It seems to me that you are the naughtiest boy in this class.”

Ashraf immediately stopped what he was doing. He was shocked because no-one had ever insulted him before.

Sir Khalid continued, “I always respect every student of mine but as of today, I will not respect you because you do not deserve respect. Respect has to be earned. And to be respected, you have to first show respect. You do not respect your fellow pupils or me, your teacher. In fact, you purposely show disrespect by continuously interrupting my class and hurting your fellow pupils by mocking and teasing them.”

With these words, Sir Khalid got up from his seat and walked out of the classroom.

Ashraf could not believe what he had just heard and he kept his eyes on the floor in shame. His eyes welled up with tears as Sir Khalid’s words kept coming into his mind. He liked Sir Khalid and he wanted Sir Khalid to respect him. He went to the staffroom and cried to Sir Khalid,

“Dear Sir, please forgive me. I am not as bad as you think and I do respect you. I just don’t know how to show it.”

Sir Khalid smiled and said, “It is not so difficult.

Just treat others the way you would like to be treated.”

A big smile filled Ashraf’s face.

“That’s easy,” he said. “Thank you, Sir Khalid, for caring enough about me to teach me this valuable lesson.”

Remember, dear children. Respect cannot be bought with your money, good looks or fancy possessions. Respect is earned by your kind treatment, love and respect of other people.

the end

Encouragement Increases Confidence

Saifullah is a Professor at a university. He is well liked by all his students. In fact, he is the most favourite Professor in the entire university. And the reason for this is because Saifullah always takes the time to listen to all his students problems, even if they have nothing to do with the subject he teaches. The other Professors always discussed Saifullah's popularity in the staffroom and one day, Professor Salim asked him,

"Saifullah. Why do you make the time to help all those students? Why don't you just tell them that you're busy?"

"It's because I **WANT** to help them ," said Saifullah.

"But why?" asked Professor Salim. "Aren't you very busy, like the rest of us?"

"Of course, I am," said Saifullah. "But I make the time. Let me tell you why.

When I was ten years old, I had a very strict teacher who did not like me. And I don't blame him. Everyday, when he would ask me questions in class, I would never know the answer. Believe me, I tried. I would study very

hard for my lessons, but when I sat in class in front of the teacher, the answers would just not come out. The teacher could see that I had a learning problem and yet all he did was punish me. He would make me stand on my seat for the entire lesson or he would make me face the wall for the entire lesson. Sometimes, he would hit me with his ruler, saying I was deliberately trying to make him angry.

I tried to explain to him many times that I was having a problem studying but he would call me lazy and stupid. This made the other students laugh at and mock me. I used to hate going to school and this made that year in school very difficult. Many times, during the year, I thought of leaving school because I believed that I was stupid and lazy and would not be able to pass. My younger sister, Ayesha would make fun of me and my father would say that I had a weak brain. But my Ammi, may Allah Ta'ala bless her, didn't let me give up. She kept encouraging me to keep trying and would spend hours teaching me my lessons. I don't know how, but with the help of Allah Ta'ala and my Ammi, of course, I just managed to pass that year. The following year, I was blessed with the most special teacher, Miss Naheeda. After just a few weeks as my teacher, she discovered my learning problem. One day, she called me to see her when the other children had left the class.

“Saifullah,” she said to me. “I can see that you have a problem studying. I have a suggestion for you. Try studying after Fajr Salaah and don’t see your studies as a burden but rather as a door to a beautiful and exciting future. Don’t let your studies become your master. You must take control and become the master of your studies. Keep a study diary so that you can plan yourself well and always complete the urgent work first.”

Saifullah continued,

“Such important advice and yet nobody had taken the time to tell me all this before. But Miss Naheeda did. And do you know what I liked most about her? No matter how many dumb mistakes I made, she never once called me lazy or stupid. In fact, she would do the opposite. Sometimes, even I could tell that my classwork was not good enough, and yet she would praise me. And I noticed that whenever she did praise me, she always did it loudly so that the other students could hear her. This made the other students change their attitudes towards me and they began respecting me. My confidence increased and I began looking forward to school every morning. I began to see my studies from a whole new side. And that year and every year after that, I passed with an A grade. And that is how I managed to gain my entrance to university and I was given a choice to study whatever course I wanted. But I chose teaching, because I wanted to give other

students the confidence that Miss Naheeda had given me. And that is why I make the time for my students so that I can change their lives too.”

“That’s a beautiful story,” said Professor Salim to Saifullah. “Now I understand why your students respect you so much.”

Saifullah smiled and said, “ You see, encouragement and the right attitude can change people’s lives. We are here to guide our students and create in them a love of studying and not insult and dishearten them and break down their confidence. Why don’t you try it too and you will see the difference?”

And that is exactly what Professor Salim did. And you know what? After a few months, many students began calling Professor Salim their favourite professor too...!

the end

Question Your Actions

It was the first day of school after the holidays. Everyone was excited to see their friends and catch up on all their news. When Miss Rabia entered the classroom, the children gathered around her, each one anxious to share with her their holiday adventures.

The children all said salaam to her and talked excitedly with each other. Just then, Raheel entered slowly, his hand in a plastered cast. When Miss Rabia saw him, she told everyone to sit down as she wanted to talk with them. She then asked the class,

“Ok, tell me-How many of you celebrated ‘Basant’ (Hindu celebration) this holiday?”

Everyone was surprised at the silly question and they all began to talk at once.

“Teacher, I had a great Basant,” said one child.

“Me too,” said another, holding his hand up in the air.

“Teacher. I had a thirty Rupee kite this Basant,” said Khalid boastfully.

“That’s nothing,” screamed Shoaib loudly. “My uncle

flies kites worth two hundred Rupees. This Basant, he had a thousand Rupee kite especially made for him.”

“And my aunty Shaazia has the smartest chemical string and she won the kite-flying competition this Basant,” said Mansoor, unable to resist showing off.

“Teacher, my father always buys the number fifty string to use on his kite for Basant,” said Shahzaad.

“No, teacher,” objected Nasir. “The Oakley English thread is the best. My uncle Kukoo always wins with it every Basant.”

“OK, OK,” said Miss Rabia, laughing. “I know that you are all expert kite fliers. But that is how Raheel has broken his hand. Now, he will be in pain for the next two to three months, his studies will be affected and his family will be constantly worried about him.”

“Teacher,” interrupted Farouk. “My mamma says that it is bad to fly kites. She says that only bad children fly kites.”

“No game is bad and neither is any child bad. These are all hobbies. Everyone loves to play games in their spare time. But we must not spend so much time on hobbies that it begins to affect our health and studies. Extremism is not good in any activity. Every year, we

celebrate Basant, which is a Hindu celebration, with so much enthusiasm. Everyone wears yellow clothes, cook special, delicious foods and hotel and restaurants make special arrangements. There are fireworks, kite-flying and dancing and so much merry making. The thin copper wires and chemical strings that are attached to the kites are dangerous and often bruise the hands. People run after these kites, not seeing where they are going, very often running dangerously onto the roads and railway lines. This obsession and craze with kites has made an ordinary game into a dangerous one.”

She continued, “Basant is considered a season’s celebration to announce Spring but many people are unaware of its origins. It was first officially celebrated in 1947, in Sialkot. A Hindu named Haqiqat Roy Dharmi was sentenced to death by a Qadi because of committing blasphemy against our beloved Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. He was hanged in Ghoray Shah. Hindus considered this a great sacrifice and show their respect to him by wearing yellow clothes, playing with yellow objects and flying kites. They called it ‘Basant’. Later, a temple was built where all Hindus gather, wearing yellow turbans saris, and pray, calling out his name. This, my dear children, is what we are also so ignorantly celebrating.”

The children were surprised. No-one had ever explained ‘Basant’ to them before. They never realised

that they were celebrating a Hindu celebration and they were actually honouring a man who hated our Beloved Prophet Muhammad ﷺ .

Miss Rabia continued, “Dear children. Don’t look so upset. It is not your fault as you did not know. But let this teach you to always question everything you do. The fact that everyone is doing something, does not make it right. There are Muslim children in other parts of the world who also wrongfully celebrate certain days .Those who live in Indian communities celebrate Hindu and Tamil holy days like ‘Diwali’ and ‘Basant’, while those who live in Christian communities celebrate ‘Christmas’ and ‘Easter’ with their Christian friends. They, like you, do not realise that it is wrong for us to do so. We are Muslims and we should only celebrate Muslim holy days, like Eid-ul-Fitr and Eid-ul-Adha.

Because the Holy Prophet Muhammad ﷺ has said,

‘YOU WILL BE RAISED ON THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT WITH THOSE WHOM YOU HAVE FOLLOWED IN THIS WORLD.’

And we all want to rise with our Beloved Nabi ﷺ , don’t we? And the only way to ensure this, is to follow his ﷺ teachings and way of life. So always be aware, my dear children. Never be afraid to ask questions.

And always check that the answers you receive are the right ones. And most importantly, always ask yourself if you are doing the right thing and if your actions are the actions expected of a good Muslim. We have been chosen by Allah Ta'ala to be the ambassadors of Islam. Let's make HIM proud of us, *Insha'Allah.*"

the end

www.e-iqra.info
<http://mujahid.xtgem.com>

Cleanliness is Half of Imaan

Yasir opened his eyes at the sound of the voices. They were more like hushed whispers but they were loud enough to wake him. Yasir was afraid. He ducked under the covers and shut his eyes tightly.

“Where are the voices coming from?” he asked himself. He strained his ears and tried to listen to the voices. They sounded very near but when Yasir peeped over the covers, there was no sign of anyone in the room. All he could see was his cupboard and desk and the stack of school books on it. The books were in terrible condition. They were not covered properly and were badly torn and dog-eared but Yasir took no notice of their condition. The voices began again and Yasir couldn’t believe his ears.

“It can’t be,” he told himself. “I must be dreaming.”

Yasir turned down the bed-covers slowly so that he could hear the voices more clearly.

“Oh, how I hate myself,” said one book. “I have been kept so badly that all the other books tease me.”

An Urdu book also complained. “Cleanliness is half of faith. It does not only mean that the body should be kept clean. Everything anyone owns should be kept clean,

even books.”

A third book pointed at another, beautifully covered book next to it.

“Look at this book. She does not want to talk to us because she thinks that she is too good for us.”

The beautiful book, which belonged to Yasir’s friend, suddenly spoke.

“I can also speak but did not, not out of arrogance but out of sadness at your condition.”

A History book, which was lying on the floor pushed itself upright and began moving towards the books on the table.

“What are you all talking about?” it asked the other books. “I was so far away that I could not hear.”

Yasir was in shock. Only when he saw the history book moving towards the others did he finally believe that his books really were talking. And they were talking about HIM..!

“We were just complaining about our owner, Yasir.” answered the Mathematics book.

“Look at us all. We are so badly kept but look at

her,” he said, pointing to Yasir’s friend’s book. “She looks so neat and her cover is so beautiful. And her cover is even covered in plastic.”

The History book looked at the beautiful book and said,

“You are so neat. I am sure that all the teachers must use you for teaching. We are so ugly and filthy that no teacher has ever picked up any of us.”

The Urdu book said to the History book,

“I’ve heard the teachers tell Yasir so many times that he should take better care of his books but he never listens. Look, he has even left you on the floor!”

Yasir heard all the complaints against him clearly and felt ashamed. Suddenly, he heard a voice come from under his bed,

“I have a complaint too!” said something. The books all looked under the bed. The voice was coming from Yasir’s shoes.

“Look at me,” it said. “I have never been polished in all my life and I am very badly handled. Every morning, at school, I feel so ashamed because I look so terrible while all the shoes around me shine so brightly. Yasir’s Ammi always tells him to take better care of me but he

does not care. He just throws me under the bed every afternoon after school.”

All the books said together,

“We know exactly how you feel.”

Yasir thought about all the times he had just ignored his Ammi when she had told him to polish his shoes. Her words never affected him but now, after hearing it from his shoes, he fell thoroughly ashamed.

The shoe continued, “What Yasir does not realise is that if he takes better care of us, we will last longer. Only three months of school have passed and Yasir’s Ammi will soon have to buy him a new pair of shoes because I don’t think that I will last much longer. But he doesn’t care that it is so difficult for his Ammi to replace shoes and books all the time. All these things are pretty expensive and his father has to work hard to earn some money to be able to buy for Yasir all that he needs.”

“He is very ungrateful,” said the History book. “If he cared for his parents, he would take better care of his possessions so that they would not have to be replaced so many times.”

“You are right, Mr History book,” said the Mathematics book. “Only three months have passed and

his father had to buy me last week because his old Mathematics book was so badly torn that he could not read his lessons from it anymore.”

A little English book which was listening quietly all this while, spoke up all of a sudden.

“You know,” she asked. “If a person does not keep his body clean, then how can he be expected to keep his possessions clean?”

“Most definitely,” answered the Urdu book. “I have noticed that Yasir does not bathe regularly. He doesn’t even bother to wash his face or brush his teeth every morning. When he carries me, I find it so unbearable because sometimes, his body smells badly.

Yasir was now totally embarrassed. He knew that whatever the books were saying was right. His Ammi always reminded him to take a bath but he was always so busy playing, that he ignored her. And sometimes, he would just wet his hair so that Ammi would think that he had taken a bath.

“In the Quran it says that Allah loves cleanliness,” said the Islamic Studies book. “I think we should all pray to Allah Ta’ala to change Yasir’s bad habits and to make him look after us better.”

The shoes and all the books agreed and immediately

began making dua for Yasir. While hearing their duas, Yasir made himself and Allah a promise.

And can you guess what Yasir did the moment he awoke the next morning? Yes, you're right. He quickly washed his face, brushed his teeth and cleaned his cupboard and all his draws. And after that, he took a long shower, scrubbing his hair and body properly with soap, then put on clean clothes and performed his Salaah.

When his mother woke up she was amazed to see a different Yasir already busy making his breakfast. And then he asked her for some money to buy book covers.

"And Ammi," he asked, "Do you have any shoe polish? I need to polish my school shoes."

His Ammi could not believe what she was hearing. She was so happy at Yasir's changed attitude that she said to him,

"Yasir. Since you are not very good at covering books, I will help you. I will even show you how to polish your shoes properly and make them shine brightly. You know Yasir, if one stays clean, his health will improve and he will be much happier and have lots of friends."

"جَزَاكَ اللهُ خَيْرًا *Jazakallu Khairan*, Ammi. I would really appreciate your help. And please forgive me for not listening

to you before. I promise that from now onwards I will take good care of all my things.”

And Yasir kept his promise. And every night after that he tried to hear if the books and shoes were talking, but they never spoke again. Yasir knew that that meant they were happy. And he was right..!

Dear children. If we take care of our possessions, they will last longer and will not have to be replaced often. If we take care of our bodies by keeping them clean, eating healthy foods and exercising regularly, then our bodies will be healthy and we will not get sick often. So take a lesson from Yasir’s experience. Our possessions and our bodies have been entrusted to us by Allah Ta’ala, Who loves us. So by taking care of them, we are showing thanks and respect to HIM, *Insha’Allah!*

the end

The Wise Servant

Once upon a time, a king invited all his servants to dinner. When everyone had gathered around the table, ready to eat, a servant entered the room with a huge, heavy casserole between his hands. As the servant was placing the huge dish onto the table in front of the king, he lost his balance and spilled some of the gravy onto the king's clothes. The king thought that the servant had done this on purpose. He jumped up from his seat and ordered the guards to remove the servant from the room and hang him. On hearing this sentence, the servant picked up the casserole and poured the entire dish over the king's head. The king was infuriated and screamed at the servant,

“How dare you do this to me?”

The servant replied calmly,

“Sir, I did this for the sake of your honour. When the people hear that you have hanged me just because I spilled a little gravy on you, they will say, ‘Such a big punishment for such a small and unintentional mistake.’ They will then insult you and call you a cruel and unkind man. So, out of respect for you, I poured the entire dish over you so that after I am killed, they will have no reason to curse you.”

These words calmed the king down. He suddenly felt ashamed and bowed his head.

“I have acted in haste out of anger and yet this servant was still concerned for my honour,” he thought to himself. He turned to the servant and said, “Dear man, I cannot tell whether your deed was intentional or not but it is not my place to judge. I forgive you for the sake of Allah and let HIM be your judge. You are now a free man.”

the end

Never Judge Each Other

When Qutubuddin Bakhtiar Kaki passed away, many people mourned this great loss. His casket had to be brought to a ground where there were many people gathered to perform the janaaza prayer and pay homage to him. When it was time to pray the janaaza prayer, a man came forward and said, "I am this man's Wasi and he has asked me to convey his wishes to all of you present here for the janaaza prayer. Kaki wishes that only the person with the following four qualities be allowed to lead his janaaza prayer. They are:

1. He has always joined the Jama'at at the first takbeer.
2. He has never missed tahajjud prayers.
3. He has never stared at a non-mahram woman.
4. He is so pious so that he has never missed the sunnah prayer before Asr."

The crowd was shocked and so silent that they could have heard a pin drop. They looked around at each other, trying to see who had all of these qualities. They were quite sure that none of them possessed these rare qualities. Just then, a man walked up towards the casket with tears in his eyes. He uncovered Kaki's face and said, "You have

died and left me in an embarrassing situation. I swear by Allah Ta'ala that I fulfill all of these requirements."

The people stared at the man in disbelief. He was their king, Shamsuddin Altamash and they never knew that he had led such a virtuous life.

Dear readers. If a king, who has an entire kingdom to control, can lead such a pious and virtuous life, then don't you think that we, with far less responsibilities than a king, can also do the same?

May Allah Ta'ala inspire us all to lead virtuous and pious lives, *Insha'Allah, Aameen..!*

the end

Honesty is Always Rewarded

Najma's mother called out impatiently,

"Najma, where are you? Please answer me."

"Ammi. I am here in Choti Bibi's room." answered Najma.

"What are you doing in there?" asked her mother angrily. "Don't you know that we have work to do? Come upstairs and help me clean Begum Sahiba's room. You know that there are guests coming and we have to be quick. Why are you being lazy and wasting time?"

"Amman," said Najma. "I was only looking at Bibi's toys. I have never seen toys as nice as these. Not even in the toystore window. Will you buy me some toys like these?"

Her mother sighed sadly.

"Beti (daughter)," she said. "Only rich people can afford toys like these. We are poor people with barely enough money for food and clothes, let alone toys. Now be a good girl and stop talking and finish up your work. It is getting late and Begum Sahiba must be on her way home already."

Najma looked at the toys longingly one more time

and then ran upstairs. She began cleaning Begum Sahiba's room but could not stop thinking about Choti Bibi's wonderful toys.

"I wish I could be rich and have as many toys and clothes as I want," she thought to herself. Najma was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't realise how close to the edge of a table she had left a vase that she was cleaning. And as she spun around away from the table, she hit the vase with her elbow and it fell to the ground, shattering into many little pieces.

"Oh no..!" cried Najma. "Ammi's going to kill me. Now she will have to pay Begum Sahiba for the broken vase out of her meagre salary."

Najma bent down to pick up the broken pieces when something shiny caught her eye. She inspected the pieces of glass more carefully and noticed some gold and diamond jewellery mixed in-between the pieces of glass. And as she tried to separate the jewellery from the glass pieces, she saw a bundle of notes. Najma had never seen so much money in all of her life. She quickly counted it and it added up to 10,000 Rupees. Najma was shocked and couldn't believe her good fortune.

"I will keep the money and sell off the jewellery." she decided to herself. "And then I will be able to buy all my favourite toys."

Najma's mind raced with thoughts of all the things she would be able to buy with the money. But her heart was filled with an opposite feeling. It kept telling her to return the money as it was wrong to take something that did not belong to her and that her mother would be hurt and angry at her for taking it. But her mind kept telling her that since she had found it, it was rightfully hers. Najma didn't know what to do but eventually, it was her heart that won and she decided to give the money and jewellery to her mother to return to her employers.

But her mother's reaction surprised and hurt her. When her mother saw the money she told Najma that it would be best if they took it.

"This money will buy my freedom," she explained. "No matter how long I work for, I will never ever earn as much money as this. If we take this money, we will be able to buy whatever we desire and I will never have to work again. Besides, Begum Sahiba has so much money that she will not even miss this amount that you have found."

Najma was shocked and stared at her mother open-mouthed.

"Ammi," she said. "I am surprised and disappointed at your decision. Do you want to sell your Aakhira for a few worldly possessions? How will you face Allah Ta'ala

with this theft written down in your book of deeds?”

“But Najma,” interrupted her mother. “This money can buy us a better life. You will be able to wear the best clothes, play with the best toys and attend the best schools. Don’t you want all that?”

Najma shook her head. “No, Ammi,” she answered. “We cannot buy a better life with money that does not belong to us. Besides, when we die, we will all be buried the same way, no matter how rich or poor we are. I do not want to meet my Allah covered in a shroud bought with stolen money, do you?”

Najma’s mother was taken aback with her daughter’s words. She realised how right Najma was and returned the money and jewellery to Begum Sahiba when she got home. Begum Sahiba was overjoyed as the jewellery was very precious to her. It had been given to her by her mother and she was very upset when she could not find it.

“I must have dropped it into the vase by mistake.” she said. “I have been searching for it everywhere for the past three days. *جَزَاكَ اللهُ خَيْرًا* Jazakallahu Khairan for your honesty.”

Begum Sahiba was so touched by their honesty that she immediately raised Najma’s mother’s wages and offered

to pay the expenses of Najma's education.

Najma's mother was surprised and very grateful for Begum Sahiba's generosity. She thought of what she had almost done and felt very remorseful. And that night, she thanked Najma for not letting her go ahead with her plan.

Najma was happy too.

"You see, Ammi," she said. "We have still bought a better life. Not with stolen money but with our honesty."

Ammi smiled with joy. And that night, after her Esha prayer, she thanked Allah for giving her a wise daughter.

the end

The Power of Duas

Salahuddin Ayyubi was the leader of the Muslim army that was engaged in a heavy battle against the crusaders. When Salahuddin heard that the crusaders were approaching his army with their huge army as well as their entire naval fleet, he became very worried. His army, the Muslims, was very small in number and did not have great resources like the Crusaders.

And so one night, he went into the Baitul Muqaddas and spent the entire night in prayer and duas. He begged for Allah's help in overpowering the enemy. The next morning, as he was leaving the Baitul Muqaddas, after praying Fajr salaah, he saw a pious man nearby. Salahuddin walked up to the man and said,

"Sir. A fleet of ships belonging to the Kuffaar is about to attack our army and we do not have anything with which to defend ourselves. Will you please pray that we manage to defeat our enemy?"

The man stared intently at Salahuddin's face. After a while, he said,

"Salahuddin. Do not worry. The tears that you have shed last night have washed away the enemy's ships." And the next day the good news reached Salahuddin's

ears. Yes, the pious man was indeed correct. The enemy's fleet of ship had sunk in a storm.

This incident took place a very long time ago. A time when people put their hopes and trust in Allah Ta'ala only and believed in the power of night prayers and duas. And their duas were indeed answered. Many times, we wonder why our duas are not answered. It is so simply because we do not put our faith in the power of Allah. Instead, we turn to the world around us for help and guidance, not realising that all help can only come through the Will and Power of Allah Ta'ala alone. And until we learn to rely on Allah Ta'ala alone for all our needs, and learn to ask of Him only, then only will we see a change in our lives.

the end

The Results of Harmless Fun

We are now in the beginning of the 21st century and all our thoughts and actions are influenced by the West-which is based on a non-Muslim and anti-Muslim ideology and culture. In fact, we are so taken in with the western ways of thinking that many of us less knowledgeable Muslims adamantly believe that we cannot progress without following the West. And this is the main reason why we so blindly follow the western way of life without firstly finding out if this way of life is compatible with Islam or not.

A typical example is the celebrating of April Fool's Day. On this day, the first of April, we purposely lie to each other in the name of fun and games. What we don't realise is that lying is totally against the teachings of Islam. And yet, we do it, year after year, without even thinking of the consequences. Sometimes, we hurt people badly, by embarrassing or making fun of them and we don't even realise it. And to add insult to injury, we boast about these jokes that we have played on each other totally unaware of the damage and pain that we may have caused. Many people may disagree, using the excuse that it is all harmless fun, but we must understand that small sins became great sins if they are repeated often. And they can lead to great destruction too.

Here is a typical example of lying that has led to the deaths of thousands of innocent people.

When the Christians reconquered Spain, they killed thousands of Muslims. But this did not satisfy them. They wanted each and every Muslim dead. So the king, Ferdinand, decided to play a horrible trick. He announced all over Spain that the government had decided that since Spain was not a safe place for Muslims to live in, the government would help transport all remaining Muslims to a Muslim country where they could live safely. Many Muslims decided to take advantage of the King's offer and boarded the many ships provided by the government. However, when the ships reached the middle of the sea, the ship's crew, who were working for the king, made big holes in the ship so that the ships would sink. They then escaped on the lifeboats that they had on the ships and left all the Muslim passengers to drown. The Christian world was very proud of this victory and celebrated the success of their cruel and ugly joke by spending every first day of April in telling lies and unknowingly causing hurt and anguish to others. And many of us ignorant Muslims do the same, not realising that not only are we going against the teachings of Islam, but we are in fact, celebrating the murder of thousands of our Muslim brothers.

Nabi ﷺ has said, "A man becomes one of those

that he follows.”

And so, in the eyes of Allah Ta’ala, those of us who celebrate the many Christian days of remembrance, will, in fact be considered to be part of the Christian nation. So as Muslims, we should take care to protect our faith by investigating the reason behind every action of ours and if we find that it opposes the ethics of Islam, we should do our best to abstain from it. May Allah Ta’ala guide us all onto the straight path, *Insha’Allah*, *Aameen...!*

the end

He Who Deceives Us is Not From Amongst Us

One night, the Khaleefa of Muslims, Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه was walking around the city to see if any of his people needed his help. He was walking pass a house when he heard the conversation between a mother and her daughter.

The mother was saying,

"Come on, daughter! Why are you not following my instructions?"

Daughter : "Mother, I really want to but..."

Mother: "Do you find fault with it?"

Daughter: "No, it's not that. But what you are asking me to do has been prohibited by Ameer-ul-Moumineen."

Mother: "It is not a difficult task. I am only asking you to add some water to the milk. No-one will get to know about it. Tomorrow morning we'll sell it in the market and gain more profit from it."

Daughter: "Dear mother, I am not being stubborn. I have always obeyed you but I cannot obey you this time because it is a sin. I am afraid to do it."

Mother : "Whom are you afraid of. I won't tell anyone about it."

Daughter "Mother, you do not understand my point. If you had heard the Khaleefa's instructions yesterday in the market then you would not ask me to add water into the milk."

Mother : "What was so unusual about his order that has made you disobey me."

Daughter : "Mother! To follow his command is a part of our deen. He has asked us not to betray the trusts and we are obliged to follow him."

Mother : "But right now he is at his home, not here. Get a glass of water and pour it into the bucket. He will not know what we have done."

Daughter: "He may not be watching us but the Rabb of Umar and the Rabb of the heavens and the earth and our own Rabb is watching over us. Allah is aware of each and every conversation and action and even thought of ours. By Allah, I cannot do this. I cannot follow Umar only in the market and not at home."

Umar, who was quietly listening to this exchange between mother and daughter, was overjoyed to hear the daughter's argument. He went back to his son and narrated

to him the entire conversation. He told his son that this honourable girl would make a good wife for him. His son agreed and was later married to the girl.

How honourable was this girl who was so aware of the presence of Allah Ta'ala. Even though she believed that no-one would know of her actions, she knew that Allah would, and although they would make a bigger profit on that day, she would have to answer for her actions in the Hereafter. May Allah Ta'ala grant us all the same level of piety and awareness as this blessed girl, *Insha'Allah...! Aameen.*

the end

The Great Mu'min

It was the Eid season. Everyone was busy with shopping and preparations for the Day of Eid. All the children were very excited. They had told their parents long before Eid about whatever they had wanted to wear for Eid and they proudly showed off their new clothes and shoes to their friends. All children, rich and poor were equally eager about the preparations for Eid. Even the children of Ameerul-Mu'mineen, Hadrat Umar Bin Abdul-Aziz رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ were eagerly awaiting the Day of Eid. They watched as the other children showed off their new possessions and they told their mother about what they also wanted for Eid.

When the Ameer رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ returned home after completing his work, his wife told him about his children's wishes for new clothes. The Ameer رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ did not say anything and lay down to rest. But he could not sleep. He kept thinking about how he could fulfill his children's wishes. He knew that he did not have enough money to buy for them what they wanted but he did not have the heart to refuse them. So he decided to ask for an advance on the following month's salary from the Baitul-Maal (the treasury that paid his wages) to solve his problem. Satisfied with his idea, he then went to sleep.

The next day, Hadrat Umar رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ went to the

treasurer of the Baitul-Maal and said to him,

“I need some money so that I can prepare for the Day of Eid. Kindly pay me next month’s salary in advance.”

The treasurer replied,

“O Ameerul-Mu’mineen..! Is there any guarantee that you will live for another month and will perform your duties until the end of the month?”

The Ameer رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ was speechless. He had no answer to the treasurer’s question because he knew that there was no guarantee of life. Only Allah knows the time of our deaths. And so he returned home empty-handed and told his wife that he did not have any money and that the children would just have to wear their old clothes for Eid that year.

On the Day of Eid, the whole community witnessed the greatness of the Ameerul-Mu’mineen رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ . While everyone wore their new Eid clothing, the Ameer’s children went to the masjid for the Eid prayers in their old clothes. What a noble man was he..! He was the leader of the Muslims and yet he did not demand money which he knew he could not be sure of repaying. And yet, look at us. So many times we buy things that we cannot afford, on credit- not for once wondering about whether we will live long enough to pay for it. May Allah Ta’ala enable us all to learn patience and humbleness from this noble

The King's Dream

One night, the king of Iraq, King Faisal Malik had a dream. In this dream he heard a voice tell him, "We, two Sahaba رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمْ of the Prophet Muhammad رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ are buried on the bank of the River Dajla. The direction of the river water is changing and the water is now coming towards our graves.

Water has already seeped into the grave of Huzaifa Almani رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ's grave and the grave of Jabir bin Abdullah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ is also beginning to get wet. Take us out of here and bury us far from the river bank."

The king heard these words quite clearly in his dream but he did not take them seriously. He had the same dream again the following night but still he ignored the words. However, on the third night, when this dream of the king was also witnessed by Mufti-e-Azam, Noori Al-Saeed Pasha, the Mufti immediately went to the king as well as to the Prime Minister and narrated his dream to them. When the king heard the narration of the Mufti's dream, he exclaimed in surprise, "I too have had the same dream twice..!"

They discussed the matter amongst themselves. The king then said to the Mufti, "You must first give the fatwa allowing the opening of graves. Then only will I

answer the call of the dream.”

The Mufti immediately issued a fatwa allowing the opening of the graves and the transferring of the bodies to a safer place.

The next morning, the fatwa and royal order to shift the graves were announced in the local newspaper. It was announced that the graves of the Sahaba-e-Karam رضي الله عنهم would be opened on the day of Eid-ul-Adha. Newspapers around the world carried the news of the shifting of the graves. And since it was the month of Zil-Hijjah, the holy cities of Makkah and Madinah in Saudi Arabia were filled with millions of Muslims from all over the world who had come to perform the Haj.

Because it was the Haj season, the king received millions of letters from people from all over the world requesting that he postpone the shifting of the graves so that they would all be able to travel to Iraq to witness this historical event. And so, the king agreed to postpone the event to ten days after Haj.

The day finally arrived and Muslims from all over the world gathered in Iraq. With the permission of King Faisal, a German filmmaking company installed a thirty feet long and twenty feet wide screen on four pillars, 200 feet above the graves. Four other screens were also put up around the pillars. This was done so that people would

be able to watch the proceedings from a great distance and also so that the filmmaking company would be able to record the event. And at 12 noon on that Monday, the graves were opened in the presence of millions of people. When the graves were opened, it was seen that some water had indeed seeped into Hazrat Huzaifa's رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ grave and the grave of Hazrat Jabir رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ had definitely become wet even though the river was still some distance away. Exactly as the dreams had indicated..!

Ambassadors from all the countries, Iraqi government officials as well as the king were all present at the site. First, the holy body of Hazrat Huzaifa رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ was lifted with a crane in such a way that it slid automatically onto the stretcher that was placed on the crane. Then the stretcher was separated from the crane. King Faisal, Mufti Pasha, the Minister of Turkey and Prince Farooq, the crown prince of Egypt, all carried the stretcher on their shoulders with great respect and placed it in a glass casket. The blessed body of Hazrat Jabir رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ was moved in the same way.

The *kafn* (shroud) of both the Sahaba رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُم were still intact. Even the hair on their beards were still intact. In fact, the bodies were in such good condition that it seemed as if they had been buried just a few hours before and not thirteen hundred years ago! The strangest thing was that the Sahaba's رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُم eyes were wide open and

shining brightly. They were shining so brightly that no one could look into them.

Many doctors who were present at the scene were amazed at what they had witnessed. A great German eye surgeon, who was also present at the scene, was so inspired that he immediately accepted the greatness and truth of Islam by reverting to Islam at the hand of Mufti-e-Azam.

In fact, due to the fact that this event was witnessed by millions of people of all nationalities worldwide, many Christians, Jews and Hindus also accepted Islam after viewing this miraculous event.

the end

Perserverence Leads to Success

“Anisa, I have heard that you have admitted your daughter, Mariam, into school yesterday. Is that true?” asked Anisa’s employer, Jahan Ara begum.

“Yes, begum sahiba,” answered Anisa politely.

“But why?” asked Jahan Ara again. “It will be a burden for you to buy the uniform and books and copies that she will need for school. And there will be so many other expenses too that you cannot afford. I think that it would be better if you saved up all your money for her marriage”

Anisa thought about her daughter, Mariam. Mariam loved learning and always dreamed of going to school like all the other children she knew. Begum sahiba became angry at Anisa’s silence and ordered her arrogantly, “Look, Anisa. If you want to continue working for me in my house, you will have to do as I say. Otherwise you can find work elsewhere.”

Anisa nodded helplessly. She had to agree with begum sahiba. She was a poor maid and could not afford to lose her job.

Later that day, Mariam came home from school,

singing happily and excitedly. She held her mother's hand and said happily,

“Ammi..! Now I can buy my uniform, new books and copies for school. I will study very hard and one day, I will become a doctor, Insha’Allah. Then I will work and you can rest.”

Anisa smiled sadly at her daughter. She could see how excited Mariam was and she hated what she was about to tell her but she had no choice.

“My dear Mariam,” she said, with tears in her eyes. “Today was your first and last day of school. I’m sorry but you will not be able to go back to school.”

Mariam got upset. Her eyes filled with tears as she asked her mother, “But why, Ammi? Why can’t I go back?”

Anisa told her about begum sahiba’s orders and declaration that girls do not go to school.

“But begum sahiba’s daughter, Rabia Baji goes to school and she is a girl. Why can’t I go?” asked Mariam innocently.

Anisa’s heart ached as she tried to explain to her crying daughter.

“I know that Rabia Baji goes but you see, she is

allowed to study because she is rich. And the rich can do whatever they choose to. We cannot because we are poor.”

But Mariam insisted.

“Ammi. I will ask Rabia Baji to help me. She is very nice.”

Anisa shook her head and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she reminded Mariam of begum sahiba’s threats. Mariam climbed onto her mother’s lap and wiped away her tears, “O Ammi, if Abbu were alive, he would have sent me to school and you would not have to work or obey begum sahiba’s orders. Our lives would have been so much better.”

In the evening, Anisa went to begum sahiba’s mansion to complete her work. Mariam also went out to the mansion, to look for Rabia baji. She found her walking in the garden and told her the whole story. Rabia baji was not like her mother at all. She was soft hearted and kind and always tried to help others. She didn’t have a sister of her own and ever since Anisa had began working at her home, she had grown very fond of Mariam. In fact, many times she thought of Mariam as her little sister and enjoyed talking to her whenever she came to the mansion. When she heard Mariam’s story she felt very sorry for her and angry at her mother’s behaviour. There was nothing she

could do to change her mother's mind but she knew that she could help Mariam achieve her dreams.

And so began Mariam's school career. Rabia baji helped her study and often lent Anisa money to buy the things that Mariam needed for school. Her mother didn't know what they were doing as she was too busy with her boutique business and spent most of her days at her boutique. She left home early every morning and only came home late at night, too tired to notice anything. The days quickly turned to weeks, the weeks to months and the months to years. And in no time, Rabia had passed her B.Sc exams at university and Mariam completed middle school. In fact, Mariam did so well at school that she topped the F.Sc examination and her photograph appeared in the local newspaper. Anisa was very proud of her daughter but her joy soon turned to despair when she went to work that morning. Jahan Ara had seen the newspaper and was very angry that her order had been ignored. The moment Anisa entered the mansion, Jahan Ara angrily scolded her for disobeying her and fired her, saying that she refused to have a disobedient servant working in her house.

Rabia knew her mother well and was prepared for her mother's reaction. She knew what her mother would do the moment she saw the newspaper and so she arranged a flat for Anisa and Mariam and helped them financially.

Mariam kept on studying and finally became a homeopathic doctor. Her dream had finally come true but only after years of hard work, her mother's prayers and Rabia baji's selfless help.

Mariam worked very hard and soon became a very popular doctor. Allah had given her a great power of healing and people began to come to her for treatment from far off places. After a few years she made enough money to buy a house for her mother and herself. Her mother didn't have to work anymore and stayed at home.

But although she was so successful, Mariam couldn't stop thinking about Jahan Ara, who had become a very successful and well known businesswoman. She wanted to visit her and tell her how wrong she was about poor girls not being allowed to study. Her mother didn't understand her need to do this but after much insisting, Anisa finally agreed to accompany Mariam to Jahan Ara's mansion.

When Jahan Ara saw them she was surprised. Anisa was afraid that her daughter would show much anger towards Jahan Ara but Mariam surprised and pleased her. Mariam looked at Jahan Ara and said humbly, "Aunty. By the grace of Allah, we have both been successful in our endeavours. I have just come to tell you that fate is in Allah's Hands alone. All of us, whether rich or poor,

are equal before Him and so we should treat each other equally too. Today, Allah Ta'ala has given us all His blessings so that we have both realised our dreams."

Jahan Ara looked from Anisa to Mariam sadly and said, "I am sorry for my behaviour and I have realised my mistake. Not now but a few years ago. I have followed your career closely and I have prayed for your success and for my forgiveness. I am so glad that at least Allah Ta'ala has given my daughter, Rabia, a good and kind heart that she was able to do for you what I would not. I hope that you will be able to forgive me one day."

Mariam smiled and took Jahan Ara's hand.

"There is nothing to forgive, aunty. In fact, I have to thank you. Your resistance to my studies only made me perservere more and has made me a stronger person and I am sure that your duas have helped me achieve what I have today. For all that, I am grateful and I too make dua that Allah Ta'ala always grant you success and happiness in your life.."

Jahan Ara became speechless at Mariam's kindness towards her and tears rolled down her cheeks as she reached out her arms and hugged Mariam. Allah Ta'ala had indeed blessed them all..!

Only Hard Work Yields Success

It was the month of April and exams were about to begin throughout the country. The playgrounds were empty and the mosques crowded with students at prayer time. Most of the students were using every available minute, night and day, in studying for their exams. And at prayer time, they flocked to the mosques, praying for Allah to help them pass their papers.

The entire country was caught up in exam fever. There were many students who had worked hard from the beginning of the year and so were quite relaxed about the exams while some had just began their studies, studying night and day to make up for the time that they had wasted throughout the year. However, there was one student who seemed totally unaffected by the whole exam issue. His name was Rizwan and while most students were at home studying, he wasted his time on the playground with other boys who did not care about passing their exams. And when he was at home, he spent his time reading fiction novels and so on. Rizwan's parents were uneducated and did not realise that their son was wasting his time when he should be studying.

Rizwan's fellow class mate and friend, Aftab, lived in the same neighbourhood as Rizwan. Aftab was surprised at Rizwan's behaviour and could not understand his

'don't-care-a-damn' attitude. So one day, Aftab asked him,

“Rizwan! Everyone is working so hard for the exams and you are not even worried. How come?”

Rizwan shrugged his shoulders and answered indifferently,

“I'm not worried because I have already made arrangements.”

“What arrangements?” asked Aftab in surprise.

Rizwan smiled. “I do not need to study. I will pass without studying. In fact, I will do so well in my exams that I will be placed among the top three positions in the class.”

Aftab was confused. “But how will you pass without studying? Tell me, I have been studying night and day, and still I'm not sure if I will pass. How can you be so sure of passing when you don't even study?”

Rizwan laughed and said to Aftab, “You don't have my luck.”

Aftab would not be put off so easily and insisted that Rizwan explain further.

“Well,” said Rizwan. “You won't believe me but the

truth is that one day, when I was returning home from tuition, a man sitting on a pavement called me. I tried to ignore him but he kept calling me and eventually, I walked up to him. He told me that he was an astrologer and could tell that I was a very lucky person. He took his parrot out from its cage and asked it to pick an envelope from a basket. The parrot picked out an envelope with its beak and gave it to the man. The man opened the envelope and read that I would soon receive good news. He then studied my palm, drew a few lines on a piece of paper and finally told me that I would be placed amongst the top three positions in the upcoming exam. I then told him that I have never done very well in my exams before but he just smiled and said that he would make me an amulet which would bring me good luck. I was so excited that I immediately told him to make the amulet for me. 'There is only one problem' he said. 'The amulet is quite expensive but I can give you a special discount and give it to you for only 100 Rupees.' I agreed and gave him the money."

Aftab shook his head in . "Where did you get the 100 Rupees from," he asked Rizwan.

Rizwan showed Aftab the amulet which was hanging around his neck and said, "I had some money saved up to buy something from the science fair which I gave to the astrologer for the amulet. Now this amulet will help

me do well in my exams.”

Aftab was shocked and surprised at Rizwan’s stupidity. He tried to reason with Rizwan.

“Rizwan, listen. Allah Ta’ala has blessed you with a brain to think and hands to work. If you want to pass your exams you have to work hard. You cannot achieve good results if you don’t work hard for it. Haven’t you read that in Surah Najm, MAN ONLY GETS WHAT HE STRUGGLES FOR.”

But Rizwan just shook his head. He had full faith in the astrologer’s amulet and began to get irritated with Aftab.

“Leave me alone. I did not ask for your advice. Nothing and no-one can stop me from doing well in the exams. I will show you. Just you wait and see.”

Aftab could see that he could not make Rizwan see any sense and so he left him alone and decided to concentrate on his own studies. Rizwan continued wasting valuable time in useless activities and before long, the day of the exams finally arrived. When Rizwan opened the test sheet of his first paper, which was a three hour exam, he got a little worried. He didn’t know any of the answers! But then he remembered the astrologer’s amulet and began to feel confident. He attempted a few of the

questions and wrote down a few half-hearted answers. And then he told himself that he did not need to write down any more answers. So he just sat there and left the exam room after only an hour. Rizwan approached the rest of his papers in the same manner and impatiently waited for the exam results.

When the day for the results arrived, Rizwan got up early, bathed, wore new clothes and went to school. Everyone was tense and paced the school halls nervously. Even the most intelligent students were quietly praying but Rizwan was hopping around, laughing and joking. He finally kept quiet when the announcements began. When the fourth position was announced, Rizwan was not worried because he expected to be in the top three. And then the third position went to a class mate, Ali and the second position went to his friend, Saad. Now Rizwan was sure that the first position would go to him. He smiled and was about to stand up to receive his award when he heard Aftab's name being announced. Rizwan froze for a few seconds and then quickly sat down before anyone could see him. He couldn't believe it.

“How could this happen?” he asked himself. “The first position was supposed to be mine.”

Rizwan closed his eyes as all his dreams shattered. And he was even more shocked when it was announced

that he had failed. Tears began to run down his cheeks and he quickly ran out of the hall before anyone could see him. He was so disheartened and so embarrassed and didn't know how he would face his parents and his family. He remembered the Ayah that Aftab had recited to him, "MAN ONLY GETS WHAT HE STRUGGLES FOR."

"How could I have been so stupid?" he asked himself. "Why didn't I believe Aftab. If only I had listened to him and studied, I would have at least passed."

Lost in his thoughts, Rizwan passed by the pavement where he had met the astrologer. He looked around but there was no sign of the astrologer. Instead, he saw another man sitting where the astrologer had sat before. He had a huge board in front of him that said,

"GUARANTEED CURE FOR BALDNESS.
GET LONG AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN
JUST ONE MONTH."

Rizwan looked at the fraudster in disgust. If only he hadn't been so gullible..! But it was too late now. He took off the amulet and threw it away furiously. He realised his mistake and foolishness and decided that he would not rely on anything or anyone ever again. He would rely on Allah Ta'ala alone and would study very hard the following year. And hopefully, after much hard work and effort, he might manage to achieve a position amongst the top three students in his class, *Insha'Allah*.

Tariq's Lesson

Tariq breathed a sigh of relief as he completed his long overdue homework.

“Thank God this homework is finally completed,” he said to himself. He closed his book, picked up his friend Tanveer’s book, which he had copied from and left for Tanveer’s house to return the book. Along the way, he met Tanveer. They shook hands and Tariq said to Tanveer,

“I was just on my way to your house to return your book. Thanks for lending it to me.”

Tanveer took the book that Tariq handed to him and turned it over, inspecting its condition. Tanveer was very particular about the condition of his possessions and he took good care of all his belongings. Which is why he was shocked and became angry at the condition of his book.

“What have you done to my book?” he asked Tariq, angrily. “The cover is torn and many of the pages are loose.”

Tariq shrugged his shoulders and replied coolly.

“What’s the big deal?” he asked Tanveer. “You know that I had three weeks of work to complete. I had to use the pages a lot.”

Tanveer shook his head in disbelief. “I knew you would do this. That is why I didn’t want to lend you the book in the first place and also why nobody wants to be your friend. You are so careless.”

“You are so petty, fighting over a book. Here, why don’t I pay you the money for the book,” said Tariq, reaching into his pocket for some money to give to Tanveer.

“It’s not about the money,” said Tanveer. “It’s a matter of principle. I was being helpful by lending you my book to complete your work and you didn’t even appreciate it. In fact, you did just the opposite. You showed your thanks by destroying my book.”

“OK...OK..!” said Tariq to Tanveer. “Don’t help me again, okay?”

The next day, when Tariq went to school, he saw his friend Asif carrying a book in his hand.

“What a beautiful book,” exclaimed Tariq, taking the book from Asif.

“I bought it yesterday,” said Asif. “It has some very nice stories in it.”

“Since you’ve already read the book, may I borrow it from you for a couple of days?” asked Tariq.

“I would love to read it.”

Asif took the book from Tariq’s hands.

“I’m sorry but I cannot lend you the book,” he said.

“But why,” asked Tariq. “You’ve already read the book so it’s of no use to you now.”

“It’s not that,” said Asif. “It’s because you’ve borrowed so many books from me before and you’ve never returned any of them.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I have all your books at home,” said Tariq. “I just don’t remember where I’ve put them. I’ll return them to you as soon as I find them. And I promise that I won’t keep this book for longer than three days. I’ll return it as soon as I’ve finished reading it.”

Asif shook his head slowly.

“I’m sorry,” he said to Tariq. “I’ll lend you this book only after you return my other books.”

The boys’ friend Ameen walked up to them as they were talking.

“What are you guys talking about?” he asked them.

“Books are our friends. They give us information about the whole world. We should treat them with respect and care. It’s a real pity that you don’t realise the value of books.”

“Tariq doesn’t value our books because he has not bought them himself,” said Ameen. “If he saves up all his pocket money to buy the books, like we do, then only will he understand their worth.”

Tariq was so angry and hurt at their accusations that he said nothing and walked away. He couldn’t believe that his friends were acting in this manner.

“Am I really that bad?” he asked himself. “I don’t think so. It’s my friends who have changed. They’ve never behaved like this before. They’ve always lent me their books without even asking when they would be returned. They’ve never even complained before if their books were a bit torn. Maybe they don’t want to be friends with me anymore and are using the books as an excuse to end our friendship. I can’t believe that they actually asked me to pay them for the unreturned books. They were supposed to be my friends.”

As Tariq walked quietly, he noticed that he had reached the bookstore. And he remembered that he had been meaning to buy his favourite book for a while now, but didn’t have enough money. In fact, it was only that

morning, when he counted his savings, he realised that he had finally saved up enough money. He checked his pocket and was relieved to see that he still had enough money for the book, even after paying for his friends' unreturned books. He went into the bookshop, bought the book and quickly hurried home to begin reading it.

When he got home, Tariq immediately sat down at the kitchen table and began reading. The book was so interesting that Tariq could not put it down. And when his mother called him, he ignored her. But she kept calling and finally, when she began to get angry, Tariq was forced to put down the book and listen to what she was saying.

"Tariq," she said. "Please go to the market. I need some milk immediately."

Tariq had no choice. He left the book on the kitchen table and left for the market in a hurry. He was in such a hurry to get back to his book that he was back with the milk in under fifteen minutes. He quickly gave his mother the milk and hurried to the table to get his book. His younger brother Idrees was sitting at the table, happily tearing the pages of a book. Tariq smiled at him. Idrees loved tearing the pages of books and had done the same to many of Tariq's friend's books. Tariq did not think anything wrong of Idrees's behaviour and so, didn't reprimand him. However, as Tariq came nearer, he saw that Idrees

was ripping the pages off the book he had just bought. The smile disappeared from his face as he became enraged. He grabbed the torn book from Idrees's hand and began scolding him.

“What are you doing?” shouted Tariq. “Do you have any idea how expensive this book is? Do you know how long it took me to save up the money to buy this book?”

Idrees was shocked at his brother's reaction.

“But bhai,” he said. “I've always torn your friend's books before and you never scolded me. What's so different about this book?”

“I am angry,” replied Tariq, “because I had to save my pocket money for two months to buy this book because it was so expensive. I haven't even finished reading the story and you've totally destroyed the book.”

“But bhai,” asked Idrees, innocently. “Those books of your friend's must have also been quite expensive. Why didn't you become angry at me for damaging those books?”

Tariq was speechless. He didn't know how to answer Idrees's question. He suddenly felt very ashamed. So he grabbed the torn book from his brother's hands and ran to his room.

Introduction

A civilized society can only be formed if the builders of the future i.e. the youngsters of today, from the very beginning of their age, are made familiar with the true spirit and the complete practical approach of Islamic philosophy of life. Dream of creating a virtuous and civilized Islamic society will continue to be a mirage if either of these two factors remains deficient. Contemporary curriculum is creating a self-contradictory element in the personalities of our children. It teaches *Deeniyat* and *Akhlaqiyat* as a compulsory subject but do not pay enough attention to the intigration of these principles of *Deeniyat* and *Akhlaqiyat* in practical life.

Our those companions who are running religious institutions, and are familiar with the importance of learning contemporary sciences and want to enlighten their students with the light of these sciences, still remain reluctant to implement these courses in their institutions because the contemporary curriculum has not been prepared under any organized ethical plan. If any such effort has ever been made, it has been done without keeping any religious point of view in mind.

Now, *Al-Hamdulillah*, a well-balanced team of scholars has undertaken the task of addressing this problem. The team has scholars both from religious institutions and modern universities. The group has prepared some books at the initial stage. In preparation of these books, care has been taken to maintain not only the contemporary style but also the requirements of *Shari'ah*. Furthermore, a set of co-curricular books has also been prepared for the elementary and secondary level students. We hope that these books will elevate the educational standard of our children and the other goals such as religious and ethical training, inculcation of religious spirit and revival of interest in learning Arabic language will also be achieved.

We earnestly request all those people who are interested in educational activities or are engaged in writing and compilation works to send us their valuable recommendations. We also appeal them to pray for us besides taking practical steps because it is a collective responsibility of the whole *Ummah*.

Therefore, the owners, administrators and teachers of schools are requested to make efforts to introduce and implement these books in their institutions. *Insha-Allah*, by doing so, the auspicious results of these books will benefit the *Ummah* and the dream of creating a religious and civilized Islamic society will turn into a reality. May Allah Ta'ala give us Divine help and inspiration to carry out this virtuous mission. *Ameen*.

Bait-ul-ilm Trust.